

# It Is Written: "By Their Fruits Shall Ye Know Them"

**A Favorite Pianist in Khaki**  
PERCY GRAINGER, granted a six months' furlough from his duties as oboe player in the 15th Coast Artillery Band—six months in which to make a concert tour of the country for the benefit of the National Red Cross—is being heard and seen again in New York; and his many admirers are experiencing the same warm thrill as heretofore—in spite of the

much for my mother—and for me," he began again. "My mother has never been so happy, so well, as she has been since we came here to live. Perhaps I could help her best, I thought, if I gave of my gift for music I may have. My mother—I—my mother has been made happy here. I am very grateful to this country."

**Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf**  
AUSTRIA has undoubtedly used up more military reputations during the war than any other country. Several archdukes have tried their hand at leading the Austrian forces to victory, but one after the other they were retired with a single exception; and a pretty long list of other generals, conspicuous in the war bulletins of the first two years of the war, are now scarcely remembered by newspaper readers. Only one Austrian name has stood forth since the beginning of hostilities, apparently without any loss of prestige—that of Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf, now commander in chief on the Italian front. He was chief of the Austrian General Staff in Vienna before the war broke out, and even then, it is said, the German General Staff considered him the foremost soldier of Europe. Such is the report given of him by the well known English war correspondent, Ashmead-Bartlett, in "The Strand Magazine."

The English newspaper man writes interestingly of an interview that he had with Hoetzendorf two years before the war began. He says:

"On May 8, 1912, I sought an interview with this distinguished man and found my request granted without delay. Attached to the General Staff was a Foreign Bureau which dealt with all such applications, under an officer who spoke English perfectly and whose mother was, I believe, of English nationality. He pressed upon me the desirability of rubbing into the Field Marshal the extremely high opinion I had formed of the fighting capabilities of the Serbian soldier and of the skill of his chiefs."

"Conrad von Hoetzendorf is a delightful, courtly old gentleman to meet, and I am of the most remarkable men in appearance I have ever seen. He is of short stature, extremely thin, and his face resembles a cross between von Moltke's and Henry Irving's. He has deep-set, penetrating eyes, and his face is furrowed with countless lines, the whole being surmounted by a shock of long, wavy, dark brown hair."

"He made me describe to him in great detail the recent campaign of 1912, and asked me innumerable pointed questions of detail on the equipment, fighting capacity, organization and habits of the Serbian, Turkish and Bulgarian troops. He seemed greatly surprised at the high praise I bestowed on them, and made me repeat several incidents of the battle of Lule Burgas, so that he might cross-question me again. He then turned to the Serbian commanders and asked me my opinion of each. He had evidently formed a high opinion of Marshal Putnik. He then put this curious question to me: 'We have sufficient to look after Serbia in the event of war. How many do you consider would be required?'"

"This question took me by surprise, but I replied: 'I do not think you would have any chance of invading the country successfully without the employment of at least eight corps with strong reserves. The Serbian army, if necessary, will not hesitate to abandon Belgrade and will retire into the interior, where communications are difficult for a modern army. At the same time, they are attacking lines of communication they are attacking, as the men can live on bread alone and require small transport.'"

"The marshal looked up, somewhat surprised, and said: 'I have never heard of this before. Suddenly a signal light burst out from one of the airplanes, and the firing ceased. Simultaneously, like angry wasps, the flock of buzzing planes darted down upon their prey."

The forward motion of the airship slackened. We could see her in the beams of light quickly stand on end, with her nose pointing upward at a sharp angle. Almost at the instant our airplanes reached her she shot directly up and through them, rising with incredible swiftness. Rapid flashes of fire sparkled from our airplanes' guns, but the sudden jump of the huge monster had obviously disconcerted them. The searchlights lost her, wandered again in every direction, and finally picked her up again a mile east."

**The Zeppelin Discharged a Signal Rocket**  
We ourselves had been able to follow the manoeuvres of the enemy craft from the moment she shot out of the encircling shafts of light. We had observed, however, a significant signal which might well have escaped the attention of both the volplaning pilots and the land forces below. The Zeppelin had let off a rocket which lit up the heavens in our vicinity with its floating blue balls of incandescent light. She was undoubtedly sending up a signal to her sister ship that now was the time to dive across this exposed area while we were all engaged on the present job."

He then bade me farewell, saying I could be attached to the Austrian armies in the event of war. I thanked him and retired. "Before very long the marshal's prophecy came true. But not in the manner he anticipated. True, Austrian armies, with German and Bulgarian assistance, finally broke down the heroic resistance of the Serbians, but in what a position of misery, starvation, bankruptcy and disaster does Austria find herself to-day!"

**Outshining the Sultan**  
ENVER PACHA is without doubt the most conspicuous and most important man in Turkey to-day—by far more powerful than the obese and inert Sultan. "He is the sole outstanding figure that Turkey has produced in the war," says another writer in "The Strand Magazine," Ashmead-Bartlett, the famous English war correspondent, "and to-day he is more powerful than ever, ruling his unhappy country, with Prussian assistance, with an iron hand."

Ashmead-Bartlett considers Enver a very great man, stating:

"I spent two days with him at Adrianople in October, 1913. I found Enver installed as governor of the town, and in fact, if not in name, commander in chief of the Turkish armies. He sent for me on my arrival. Enver is short, well set-up, has a fine head, and a bristling black mustache turned up like the All Highest's. His jaw is extremely square and firm, and when he talks the fixed expression on his face never changes. Extreme calmness seems to be his leading characteristic. No one can doubt the dauntless courage of the man. Time and time again under the old régime he risked his life, and only a few weeks before he narrowly escaped death in the shooting match at the Foreign Office, when he himself shot Nazim Pacha and his A. D. C. dead and narrowly escaped being shot across the table himself."

"On my entering his official room he at once told me clearly and distinctly his views on the position in which his country found itself. I have this record of what he said: 'I can hardly believe the evidence of my own senses at finding myself back in Adrianople. Who could ever have thought, after the events of the autumn of 1912, that the Turkish armies would recover the whole of Thrace within a year?'"

"He then told me clearly that he would prefer seeing Turkey allied with England rather than with Germany. He complained bitterly of the attitude of our Foreign Office toward his country, of how we had held out no helping hand in her hour of need, whereas the Kaiser had used all his influence to keep the Bulgarians out of Constantinople. 'England,' he went on, 'has ever been our friend in the past, but now her every action seems to be directed against us. I am not a man to veil hostility toward us. I but thinly veil my hostility toward us. I asked Enver if the Turks would be content with their new frontier, the line of the Maritima, or whether he was in favor of a fresh campaign to recover more of the lost territory to the west of that river. He replied that he himself was in favor of a further advance, but the army was ill-prepared and ill-equipped for such an enterprise. He begged of me to let the truth be known in England of the horrible outrages committed by the Bulgarians during their occupation of and retreat from Thrace. 'You will see for yourself how the Ottoman population has suffered. Whole districts have been turned into a wilderness and the women and children massacred or carried away.'"

"He then summoned his A. D. C., a young Sudanese called Hassan, and ordered him to take his car and motor me through the ruined districts. His complaints were only too true. Everywhere one saw signs of the barbarity of the Bulgarians. I visited dozens of ruined villages and spoke with the few survivors. The country was almost swept bare. This was in the autumn of 1912. Misfortunes make strange bedfellows. The Turks and their late oppressors are now fighting side by side on half a dozen stricken battlefronts. The enemies of the past have been laid aside, at any rate for the moment, and the man who less than four years ago complained to me with a sob in his voice of the horrors inflicted on his countrymen has been responsible for the murder and rapine of nearly a million Armenians. Who will ever attempt to settle the problems of the Near East?"

"People call me a mad idealist, but thank God for the idealists in this world. For, in spite of all his energy, Alexander Fedorovich is essentially an idealist. From the day when he left the University of Petrograd to enter upon his legal career he has never once put his material prospects before his political beliefs. He might have made a large fortune as a lawyer. Instead, he preferred to spend his time in defending the oppressed and unjustly accused prisoners in the famous political trials which stained the records of the Russian tribunals under the old régime. His faith in the common sense of the Russian people has been severely shaken, and the man who abolished capital punishment has been forced to restore it. But his ideals remain the same. They have been modified, but not abandoned."

"People call me a mad idealist, but thank God for the idealists in this world. For, in spite of all his energy, Alexander Fedorovich is essentially an idealist. From the day when he left the University of Petrograd to enter upon his legal career he has never once put his material prospects before his political beliefs. He might have made a large fortune as a lawyer. Instead, he preferred to spend his time in defending the oppressed and unjustly accused prisoners in the famous political trials which stained the records of the Russian tribunals under the old régime. His faith in the common sense of the Russian people has been severely shaken, and the man who abolished capital punishment has been forced to restore it. But his ideals remain the same. They have been modified, but not abandoned."

## One of Life's Little Mysteries



—From Ideas, London

## The Sort of Literature That War Produces

DISAPPOINTMENT over the calibre of war literature has frequently been expressed. Many observers "Collier's," seem to expect "an artistic expression in proportion to the colossal scale of the conflict itself." The reproach heaped upon men of letters in this connection is thus commented upon in the magazine just quoted:

"In rebuttal it is argued that the writers are otherwise engaged; they are in the trenches, or in munition factories, or running publicity bureaux. Or it is pointed out that the result in such poetry as that of Brooke, of Massfield, of Seeger, is, after all, very considerable; that such fiction as 'Mr. Britling' would be notable in any period."

"If we were to attempt to rank the literary product of the war so far, we should be inclined to say that the highest point of expression has been reached, not in books, but in such phrases as the English have coined during the long period of preparation: 'Your bit,' 'Carry on,' 'See it through,' or the French in the great resistance: 'We'll get them.' They shall not pass! In such mere fragments are summed up the will and the vision of a whole people. Next would come a handful of verses and single lines by the men who have given themselves and have found a moment between training camp and shell crater to utter the spirit that moved them. Next, the books of the non-combatants that express the travail of soul in the attempt at adjustment to awful and unparalleled conditions. And last, the mass of direct reporting from the battle field, often vivid and stirring, though of necessity without the perspective of great literature."

"But it is a mistake to look for great literature in the midst of great crises. Poetry, said Wordsworth, is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity,' and he himself succeeded, not with 'Verses Written on the Top of Helvellyn in a Thunderstorm,' but in 'Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye'—after five years. We have the emotion now, enough and to spare; the great books of the war will come—if they come at all—when the world has regained tranquillity."

A number of second class compartments without seats are now used in Paris, according to the 1916 report of the Metropolitan, the Paris Underground Railway. These are provided for the special convenience of passengers with bulky parcels.

—The Electric Railway Journal.

## The Real Kerensky

"... him, like a first love, The Russian heart will not forget."

THE following sketch, written by "One Who Knows Him," appeared in "The London Daily Mail":

The scene is in Petrograd on a piercingly cold day in March some three weeks after the revolution. My sleigh draws up before the Ministry of Justice, and in a minute I am passed up the official staircase, where so short a time before reigned all rigid ceremonial of the ancient régime, into an ante-chamber filled with a crowd of soldiers, sailors, legal functionaries, students, schoolgirls, workmen and peasants, all waiting patiently like one of the bread queues in the Liteynaya or the Nevsky. I push my way through the throng to a tired and much harassed secretary.

"You wish to see M. Kerensky? Quite impossible to-day. You must come to-morrow." I explain that I am invited to luncheon. "M. Kerensky has gone to the Duma to the Workers' Council. I have no idea when he will be back. In these days, you know."

He shrugged his shoulders. Then almost before I had time to allow the disappointment to show itself on my face the crowd behind me suddenly surged forward. "Stand back! Two rather nervous and very young adjutants in uniform. Half a dozen quick, energetic strides, and M. Kerensky is beside me. His face has an almost deathly pallor, his eyes are tired with an expression of infinite suffering, but the mouth is firm as rock, and the hair, cropped close and worn on brosse, gives in spite of the idea of that wonderful energy which is the peculiar gift of the hero of the Russian Revolution. And his energy is indeed the miraculous. I am told to wait while, one by one, the crowd of petitioners is received, counselled, refused, rewarded, and sent on its way with a speed that comes only to the man who has to see as many people in a day as there are minutes."

At luncheon, the most simple of meals, besides about thirty Russians of all sorts and conditions there are also present the three French Socialists, Monté, Lafont and Cachan. In spite of the government prohibition there is wine on the table, but the host himself is on strict diet and touches nothing stronger than milk. His talk is of the most brilliant description. All the enthusiasm of youth is there. And indeed he hardly looks his thirty-six years. On his right hand there is a great, brawny-armed sailor from the Sailors' Committee of the Baltic fleet, and every time M. Kerensky refers to his favorite theme of "belief in the common sense of the Russian people" he points to the sailor as if to illustrate his argument. He turns to me with a smile: "How would Lloyd George like it if a Russian were to come to him to tell him how to manage the English people? Believe me, we may not know much, but we do know our own people."

His enthusiasm is infectious, his pride in the revolution unbounded. "We are only doing what you have done centuries ago, only we are trying to do it better—without the Napoleon and the Cromwell."

To-day the young lawyer has changed the workman's jacket he affected during those early days for the uniform. His ideas, too, have changed with the force of circumstances. His faith in the common sense of the Russian people has been severely shaken, and the man who abolished capital punishment has been forced to restore it. But his ideals remain the same. They have been modified, but not abandoned."

"People call me a mad idealist, but thank God for the idealists in this world. For, in spite of all his energy, Alexander Fedorovich is essentially an idealist. From the day when he left the University of Petrograd to enter upon his legal career he has never once put his material prospects before his political beliefs. He might have made a large fortune as a lawyer. Instead, he preferred to spend his time in defending the oppressed and unjustly accused prisoners in the famous political trials which stained the records of the Russian tribunals under the old régime. His faith in the common sense of the Russian people has been severely shaken, and the man who abolished capital punishment has been forced to restore it. But his ideals remain the same. They have been modified, but not abandoned."

# The First-Hand Story of a Spectacular Zeppelin Raid Over Paris

The French in one day last week brought down five Zeppelins. To bag a Zeppelin from an airplane, so the formula goes in Allied air circles, one should attack from above. So, armed with a new one-pounder and a machine gun, two Allied airmen, upon receipt of news that Zeppelins are abroad, guess that Paris is their goal, and in the early darkness swiftly wing their way south. What follows is thus told by Laurence La Tourette Driggs in "The Outlook":

WE WERE fully aware of our position relative to certain signal lights below. An occasional flare would light up the gleaming Oise flowing south along our left. Frequent sparks of lights sped under us. These were the tiny red lights on the tips of French airplanes' wings to warn their followers against the danger of collision. Our searchlights about Marly were continuously searching the heavens. Not a sound from outside reached our ears through the roaring of our engine.

Suddenly we noticed the white beams of light ahead of us cease their wanderings and concentrate steadily to the westward. Instantly appeared unfolding wreaths of smoke and fog almost yellow in color as the intense light penetrated and crossed these bursts of shrapnel. The enemy had been discovered!

A score of searchlights directed their pointing fingers to the one common target. Two score airplanes gathered from the adjacent heavens around the silent monster below us. Sweeping in wide circles at eight thousand feet, we judged the Zep to be no more than three or four thousand feet above the earth. Eager to take a hand in this business myself, I pushed over my joystick a bit and nosed the machine down. Philip quickly pulled her back again and waved his hand over his head for me to desist. Disappointed, but confident that my captain had some better plan in his mind, I surrendered the control to him and again watched the proceedings below.

The whole manœuvre was moving steadily and swiftly southward. Zeppelins, searchlights, bursting shells, and darting airplanes were keeping pace together, rod by rod. Our airplanes were above the enemy and circling wide to avoid the gunfire from our anti-aircraft batteries.

work her way to the rear of our sector well behind our centre. Then she will have safe going until she reaches the fortifications about Paris itself.

These reflections occupied me only an instant. The self-appreciation that came to me when I realized that Captain Pieron had arrived at the same conclusion occupied me the balance of the night. Phil had headed our slow-going "bus directly away from the trenches and was shooting steeply down to a lower level.

## Blackness Unbroken by a Single Light

On, on, we flew. Several times I thought the encircling searchlights below were on the edge of Paris, but we passed them by without hesitation. At last, when we did begin a long sweep to the right, I could not believe we were over the city. The blackness below was not broken by a single spark of light.

We had beaten the enemy to her objective point and must await the movements of the searchlight operators to indicate the exact place to strike. We had been picked up and followed by these alert operators most of our way in. Our signals satisfied them as to our identity and we were soon cruising about the aerial harbor of Paris, mingling our warning lights with those of countless other defenders—ships that pass in the night! Truly, no equal mystery and concern attach to the passing craft on the sea. Like restless fireflies skimming, the defending planes crossed and recrossed the threshold to Paris at every elevation from one thousand to fifteen thousand feet.

As it is of no use to strain one's eyes against the blackness of the midnight sky, the air scout plies his craft in and out among his fellows, with one eye out for collisions and the other eye following the movements of the searchlights below. As soon as anything hostile is discerned, the inquiring beams of light begin to approach it from every angle. Soon the enemy is in a focus of light which blinds its eyes and reveals its smallest movement to the sweeping scouts above.

Coming steadily along, we now beheld the sister ship, the cynosure of every focussed light, accompanied by the usual spray of bursting shells; moving at her

utmost speed, she was still baffling the range-finders and gunners of the French batteries below. The pursuing airplanes swung about her at a safe distance overhead. With marvellous agility, the big balloon dodged and dived her way across the danger zone covered by our land guns. In the gondolas, swung close below the keel of the ship, we could see the German gunners standing by their pieces. On the backbone of the monster, amidships, was the upper gun platform with a rapid-fire machine gun mounted on an anti-aircraft pedestal. At intervals, several of our circling battleplanes swooped down at the Zeppelin together, pouring in volleys from their small guns as they approached. As they passed under the Zeppelin, the airplanes ceased firing and braved the danger of the exploding shells as well as the German fire from the gondolas, while they again climbed in spiral leaps to their upper berth.

Airplane rockets were fired upward by some of our pilots, but none of them struck their target. Bomb after bomb was dropped from above, and they could be discerned bursting into flame as they struck the ground after grazing the sleek-sided enemy.

## He Wanted Only One Good Shot at the Enemy

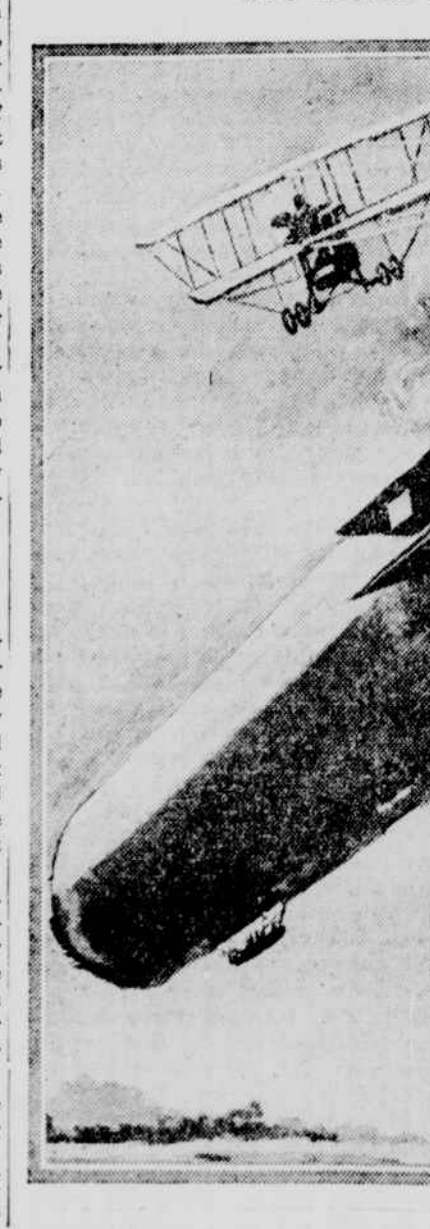
Philip had been steadily pushing upward since the appearance of the stragglers. Our slow going machine was no climber. One chance at the enemy with our heavy gun was all we could expect. Once we had launched our attack and passed under the Huns we should never have an opportunity to climb above them again. They were moving almost as fast as we were.

Again we were at eight thousand feet. Our darting airplanes below were annoying the raider so persistently that her crew had no time for selecting choice buildings of Paris for their bombs. Again the Germans resorted to their ruse for shaking off the airplanes, and we saw her shooting up out of their midst.

"Quick, before the searchlights lose her!" shouted Philip through his speaking tube. Banking steeply over to the right, I cut off the spark and swing back in a

long spiral to the rear. Cutting off another switch, I extinguish our wing-tip lights. In the sudden silence of our deadened engine I can hear the continuous booming of the artillery and the constant explosion of shrapnel bursting around us.

## The Death of a Zeppelin



So thick is the drifting smoke that the powerful beams of light are dissipated and broken.

Oh, wretched luck! We have lost her! The Zeppelin is nowhere to be seen. Somewhere hidden in those blinding

## Vanishing With a Roar That Stuns—Then a Red Glare

Fifty yards away we both begin firing. The quick pom-pom of our heavy gun startles me. The unaccustomed recoil jars our machine. In the excitement of the moment I forget to release my lanyard and my light gun continues barking until the magazine is exhausted.

For a wonderful thing has happened! As we brush under the stern of the monster craft she suddenly vanishes with a roar that stuns me. Our machine is hurled like a feather sideways and down. Our terrific speed and the stanchness of our heavy planes save us from the common disintegration. A red glare lights up the heavens and shoots thousands of feet into the stars. Acres of burning debris are floating and falling down around us. Down through the centre of this field of flames a glowing mass of twisted metal is slipping, rotating as it increases its velocity. A million cubic feet of gas has exploded!

"Lieutenant Adair," said Colonel De-main the next morning, eying me with his sternest air, "you are to report with Captain Pieron this afternoon to the War Department in Paris. The citizens of Paris do not like burning embers scattered over their houses at night, and I believe they have something to say about it."

© Paul Thompson